

AGE
COACH



Frances Bradley





M.P.

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The Stage Coach

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The Stage Coach Staff



1934

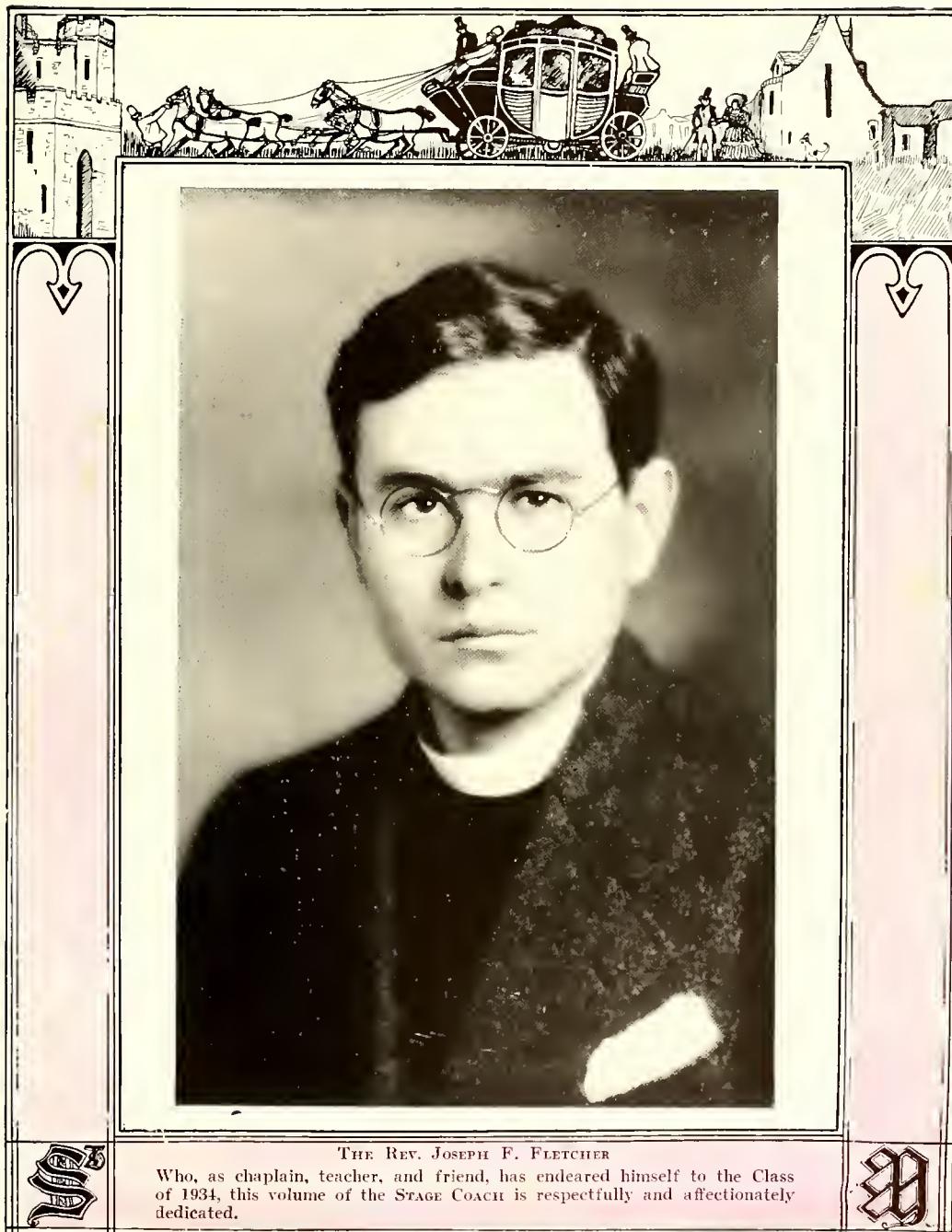
Year Book of the Students
Saint Mary's School
and Junior College
Raleigh, North Carolina



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1934

JANE IREDELL JONES
Editor

MARY PRIDE CRUTKSHANK
Business Manager



THE REV. JOSEPH F. FLETCHER

Who, as chaplain, teacher, and friend, has endeared himself to the Class of 1934, this volume of the STAGE COACH is respectfully and affectionately dedicated.



Prologue

Into the fingers of the Past
The laughing days of our Present slip;
Our thoughts and even our friendships yield
To that obliterating grip.
But lo! We snatch away a prize
From days so quickly growing old,
A simple volume of our life—
And leather binds what the heart would hold.

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Faculty and Officers

Here's to our Faculty! They have helped to make St. Mary's of '33-'34 a place we love. Although they have gotten us to work and to work hard, they have assisted us, too, and have given us that encouragement that is always needed and welcomed. Their advice and their broadminded attitude have aided us in trying to start new things and to carry on the old with better spirit than before. We wish for them the success and the happiness that they have tried to give to us.

Faculty and Officers 1933-1934

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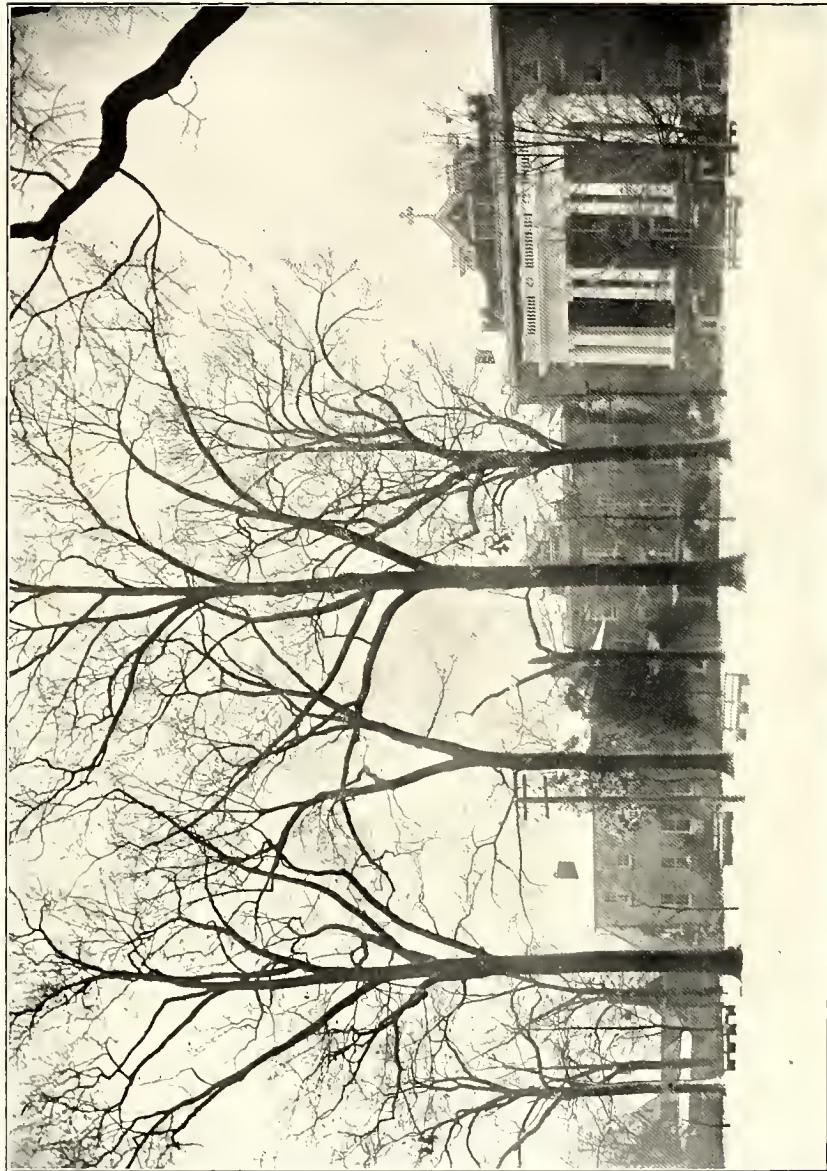
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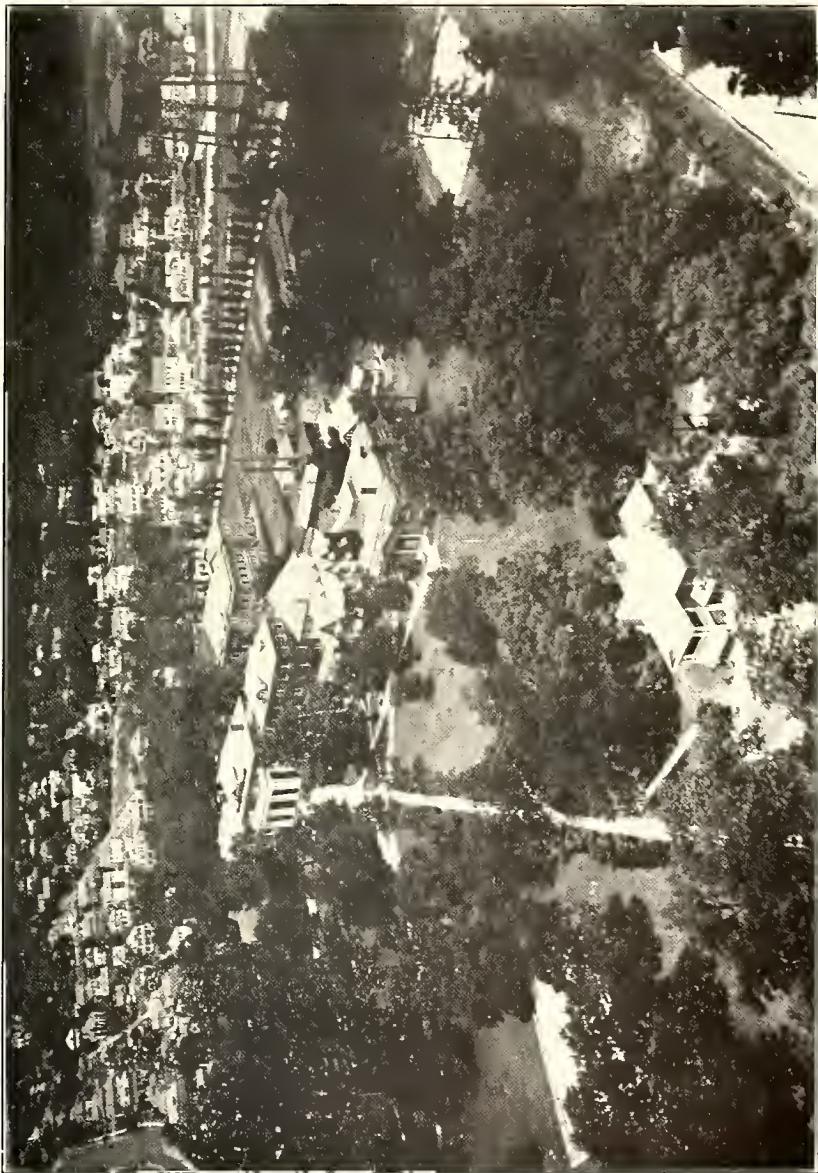


"How much better is it to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver!"

Book of Proverbs.



"The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of purest white."
Thomson.



A stirring landscape and a generous earth!
Freshening courage and benevolent mirth!

Untermeyer



"Honour and majesty are before Him: strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."
Book of Psalms.



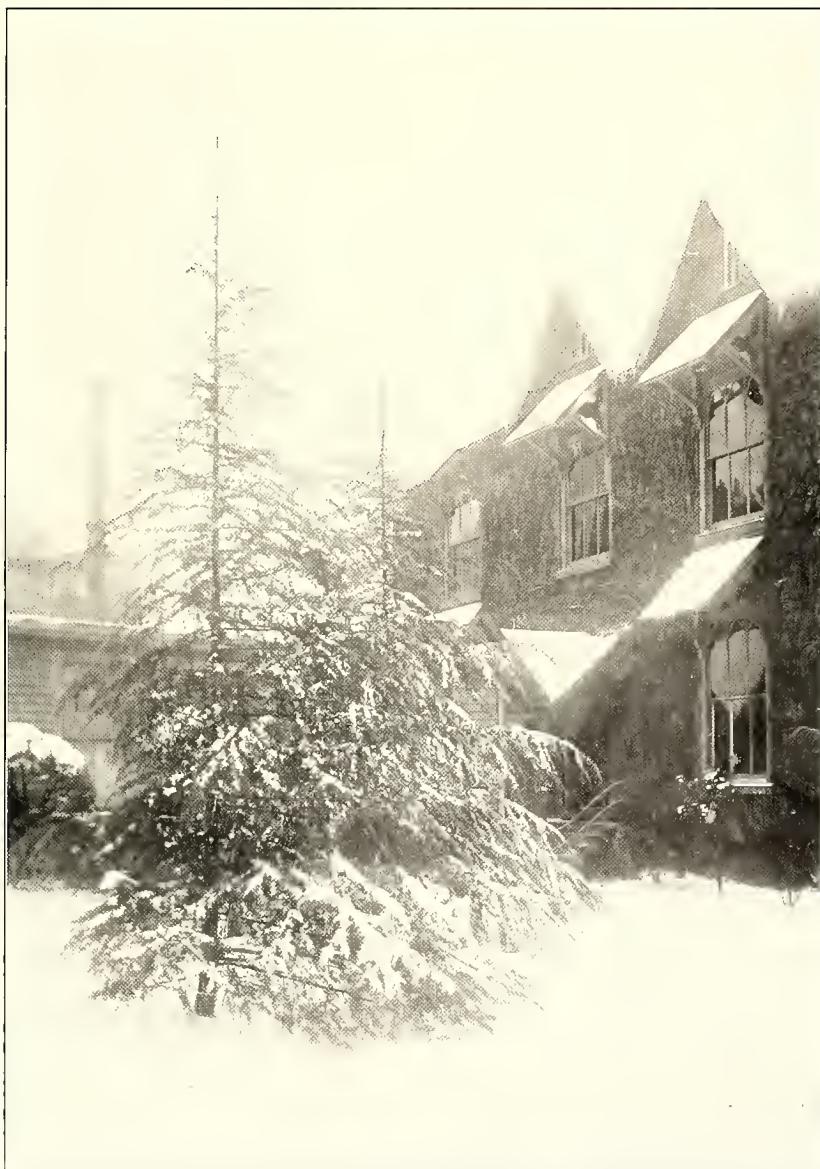
"Overhead the tree-tops meet,
Flowers and grass spring 'neath one's feet."

Browning.



"All the sweet noons and moons we have spent together,
All the glad interchange of laughter and love
And thoughts, so grave or fanciful."

Carpenter.



Classes

Senior Poem

Behind us lies our pathway through the trees,
Splashed with the sun and shadow we have known
And gay with echoes of the melodies
We used to sing in days that now are gone.

Here where the path into a road grows wide,
Open to heaven's blue, and strange, and great,
And made more lovely all along the side
With bobbing daisy-heads, we hesitate.

Before us lies the broader life we know
Only in visions; here we stand and gaze
Eagerly in the distance, glad to go,
And strong, and daring, into future days.

JANE IREDELL JONES.



Seniors



Harding
Lewis

KATHERINE BLOUNT HARDING

"Kack"

Washington, N. C.

Student Body President

*Southern girl—Pine cones—Deep
red wool—Hilltops*

ELIZA HUSKE LEWIS

"Liza"

Oxford, N. C.

Senior Class President

*Silver vases—Shady water—Gay
rubber balls—Apple blossoms*

FRANCES BRADLEY

"Frances"

Rocky Mount, N. C.

Class Vice President

*Fur collars—Vogue—Christmas
sparklers—Crackers*



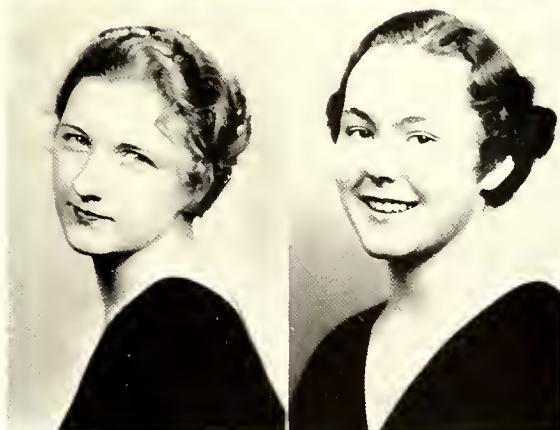
SARAH BADHAM

"Sarah"

Edenton, N. C.

Class Secretary

*Candlelight—Peaches—Langour
—Summer nights*



MARY KATHERINE ATKINS

"Mary Kitty"

Sewanee, Tenn.

*Test tubes—Bows—Shiny nut
picks—Puppets*

IDA HASSEL BAILEY

"Ida"

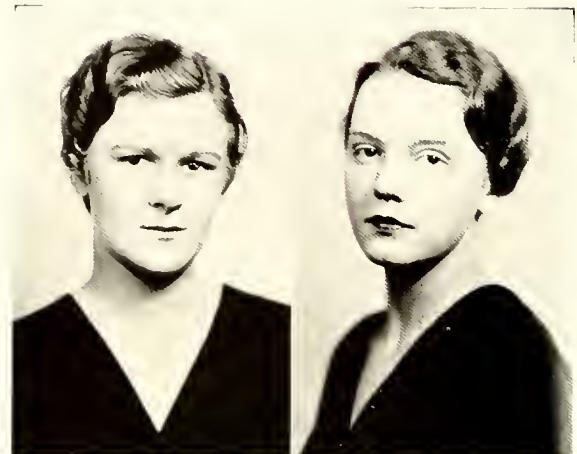
Raleigh, N. C.

*Apples—Wooly sweaters—Good
humor—Pennies*

Bradley
Atkins

Badham
Bailey

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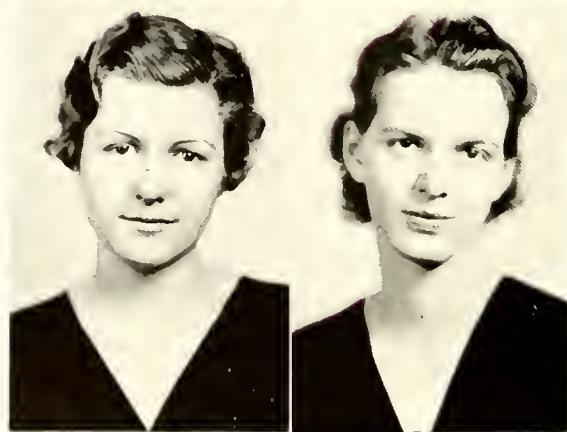


ANNIE MAY BANKS

"Annie May"

Raleigh, N. C.

*Puppy dogs—Window seats—
China cups—Primroses*



Banks
Broughton

Bridger
Cruikshank

KATHERINE LOANE BROUGHTON

"Kay"

Hertford, N. C.

*Squirrels—Burnt orange—Motor-
boats—Christopher Robin*

MARY PRIDE CRUIKSHANK

"Bay"

Raleigh, N. C.

*Racing clouds—Yardley's—Versa-
lity—Firelight*

EDITH MARGUERITE DANDO

"Ede"

Beaver, Pa.

*Baby dolls—Chocolate creams—
Summer dances—Persian kittens*



JULIA ROGERS DRAKE

"Julia"

Raleigh, N. C.

Apartments—Cigarettes—Cocktails—Late dates



MARY ELIZABETH FERGUSON

"Lib"

Greenville, N. C.

*Reuben and Rachel—Magazines—
Dutch shoes—Lullabies*

GEORGIA HALES GOODSON

"Georgia"

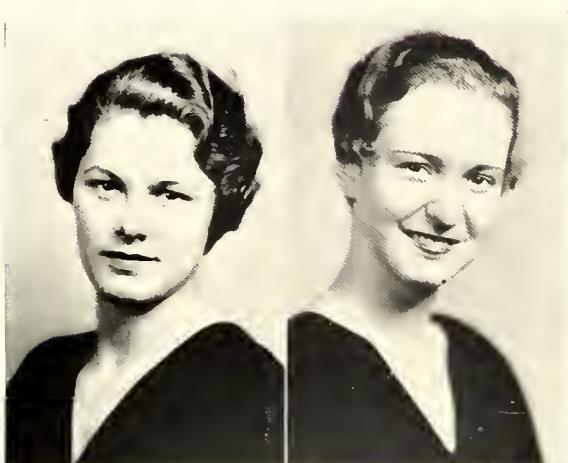
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Lace collars—Letters—Conversation—Dinner parties

Dando
Ferguson

Drake
Goodson

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ALMERIA GORDON

"Mia"

Spray, N. C.

*Peppermints—Red ribbons—
Dimples—Elves*



Gordon
Henley

Grantham
Hope

FRANCES TUCKER HENLEY

"Tuck"

Richmond, Va.

*Hockey sticks—Pussy willows—
Rough green tweed—Boulevards*

MARY DENISON HOPE

"Polly"

Norfolk, Va.

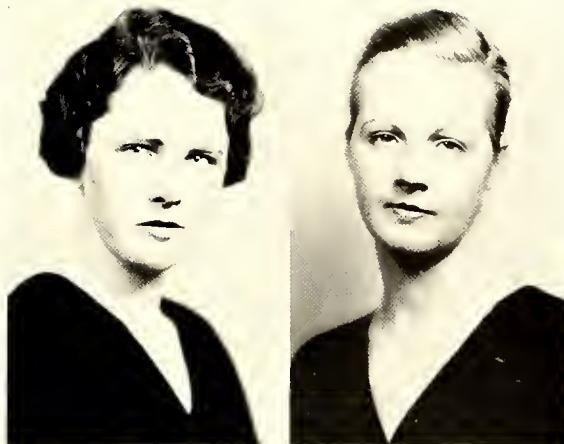
*Poetry—White cloudlets—Dresden
china—Pale green*

JANE IREDELL JONES

"Jonesy"

Columbus, Ga.

*Traditions — Lilacs — Bronze —
Red feathers*



MILDRED CAROLYN JOYNER

"Mildred"

Rocky Mount, N. C.

*Syncopation—Knox hat—Smooth
hair—Evening sandals*



FRANCES ROXY LYNN

"Frances"

Raleigh, N. C.

*Shy smiles—Daisies—Sudden light
from shadow—Amethyst*



JANE BELT MILES

"Jane"

Baltimore, Md.

*Country clubs—New Yorker—Re-
serve—Dogs on leashes*

Jones
Lynn

Joyner
Miles

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BETSY KIMBROUGH MOORE
"Bet"

Lynchburg, Va.

Week-ends — Chewing gum —
V. M. L.—Black velvet



FREDERICKA HAMMOND PIATT
"Piatt"

Durham, N. C.

Bright colors—Duke—Radios—
Snapping eyes

B. Moore
Piatt

M. Moore
Root

SABIE ROBARDS ROOT
"Sadie"

Raleigh, N. C.

Football games—Fisher bodies—
Intelligentsia—American Beauty
roses

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ELEANOR ROBESON SEAGLE

"Eleanor"

Raleigh, N. C.

Melody in the bass—German Professors—Russet leaves—Mountains



CORNELIA JANE SNYDER

"Jane"

Wilmington, N. C.

Beaches — Rolling pins — Good times—Fire crackers



ELIZABETH STOKER

"Elizabeth"

Raleigh, N. C.

Puff sleeves—Kittens—Molasses candy—Gingham rompers

MARY LOUISE TAYLOR

"Pete"

Falls Church, Va.

Sunny mornings—Teddy bears—Oxfords—Tumbling water

Seagle
Stoker

Snyder
Taylor

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ANNIE SMEDES VASS

"Annie Smedes"

Raleigh, N. C.

*Giggles and blushes—Hot dogs—
Parties—Holly*



Wade

Vass

Warren

ELIZABETH STACEY WADE

"Lib"

Raleigh, N. C.

*Mousline de soie — Dances —
Blond hair—Violins*

ETTA BURT WARREN

"Etta Burt"

Trenton, N. C.

*Purple — Eunni — Lazy Eyes —
Poise*

The History of the Class of 1934

BEING a senior during the rush of commencement week is almost too much for anybody. From the time we first began the series of banquets and closing celebrations we had no time to ourselves. Why, there wasn't a place on the campus that wasn't buzzing with plans and ideas and preparations for going home. Then I suddenly had an idea. The chapel would be a refuge; surely no one would be in there now. And there were so many things mixed up in my mind that I had to go off somewhere until they straightened themselves out. The chapel was the very place.

When I had closed the door behind me, I realized someone was playing the organ. The music was so soft that I could hardly hear it. Then I recognized the melody. It was "Memories." At once I was in the mood of the music.

My thoughts went back to the beginning of my college days at Saint Mary's. A number of us were "old girls," and it gave us a splendid feeling of superiority to show the new students around the school. And besides that, we were Juniors! Being a Senior surely couldn't have been much more satisfying. As soon as we had become accustomed to our surroundings, we elected Jane Snyder as president of the class. For a while our school life consisted in comforting home-sick girls, noisily greeting old friends, and standing in line at the postoffice to get our books. Soon we found out what work really was. The terror at having to write a sonnet in English M. was widespread. We weren't poets; it was absurd to think that we could write poetry. But we soon learned to do many things that we never would have thought of doing before.

In December an old tradition was revived; the Seniors gave a dance. We weren't Seniors, but we will never forget the occasion. We all grouped ourselves in Smedes windows and on Holt steps (in the rain) to gaze at the lighted gym and to comment on everybody's dress and everybody's "rush." If we could only have been on the inside! Maybe next year . . .

Then Christmas holidays arrived. It was exciting to forget all the things we had been doing this year and go home again. We had hardly gotten there, it seemed, before it was time to come back. But there were Spring Holidays to anticipate. Before long it was "only thirty-three more days, seven hundred and twenty more hours, forty-seven thousand, five hundred and ninety more minutes!" Even in that time there were more things to do than we could crowd into our days. Almost on top of exams came the Gym Exhibition. We had practiced on it for months. That night all hearts were beating fast, whether under starched gym suits or red-dotted clown costumes.

After Spring Holidays had come and gone, we were all living with one thing in mind—the Junior-Senior Dance! Preparations were begun far in advance, and no doubt it will be a long time before we forget "Roses of Pickardy" and the Junior "no-break." It all ended much too soon, and again Saint Mary's took on the role of a "female institute."

Almost before we knew it now, we were taking our final exams. Then Commencement began. We couldn't avoid a certain thrill at watching the Seniors get their diplomas, and perhaps we envied them just a little, too. But vacation soon monopolized our thoughts.

Somehow summers always manage to end. Perhaps we did regret having to leave all the good times we had had, but it was worth almost anything to get back to school and see who else had returned. We were Seniors now! Our superior feeling last year at being Juniors was as nothing compared to this.

Eliza Lewis was to be our president. And except for the fact that a few of our members from last year were missing, this might only have been the return from a long week-end. Life went on very much as it had the year before. We learned of a new honor system, which was being organized by Katherine Harding, our Student Body President, and the other members of the honor council under the direction of Miss Dodd. We were especially honored by being the first group installed in this order.

In December we gave our Senior Dance. At any time during the week before, Seniors could be found in the gym throwing, from the tops of stepladders, the "silver rain" over the streamers or searching for a paper of pins that had mysteriously disappeared. With the placing of modernistic blue and silver decorations around the walls, the setting was completed. It could hardly have looked better; and when the long-awaited December ninth came, we certainly could not have had a better time.

When Christmas holidays had come and gone in a flash of fun, and midyear exams were safely behind, the Dramatic Club presented its masterpiece—a dramatization of "Little Women." With Mary Louise Taylor taking the part of "Jo," Mary Pride Cruikshank that of "Marmee" and Eleanor Seazle that of "Professor Bhaer," we felt that our class had done a great deal toward making it truly successful.

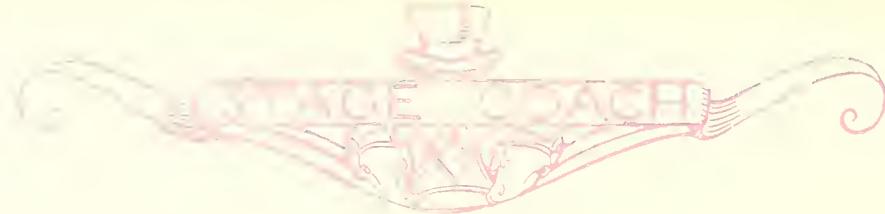
Perhaps we are beginning to show signs of the intellectual now, or perhaps we realize what a privilege we have received. At any rate, we have been particularly impressed with three of our speakers this year. The first was Dr. John Hart, who talked to our Bilde class for an hour after he had spoken in assembly. The other two were Bishop Darst and Bishop Penick, whom we all love and revere.

With the beginning of the new term most of our time was taken up with last minute dashes to read magazine articles for Miss Lator and the confusion that would naturally precede the writing of Senior essays. Spring Holidays over, the weather began to get warm. Often now we even summoned enough courage to get up early in the morning to play tennis before breakfast, and more than once, to our disgust, others had been even more energetic than we and had taken possession of all available courts.

The May Day celebration, which had been omitted for several years, was renewed, and Jane Snyder was crowned Queen of the May with Eliza Lewis as her maid-of-honor. With May disappearing in a happy confusion, there appeared that fatal exam week, when we hardly dared breathe until we found that we really had passed everything.

Commencement week! It was the most exciting thing we had ever experienced. Trying on class day dresses . . . hearing a Baccalaureate sermon delivered particularly for us . . . singing "Goodbye School" in our caps and gowns . . . marching with the daisy chain. We no longer wonder why last year's Seniors did not rejoice as we did that school was over nor why some of them cried as they autographed our annuals for us.

MILDRED MOORE, *Historian*.



The Last Will and Testament of the Senior Class of 1934

WE, the Senior Class of 1934, do wish to bequeath the objects so dear to our person, to those who follow in our footsteps, while we pass into the realm of the unknown. We do hereby bequeath the following things:

Article 1. To Rosalie McNeill, Frances Bradley leaves her neat coiffure and dignified carriage, and to Maria Tucker her ability to cram.

Article 2. Annie Smedes Vass wills her never failing sense of humor to Madge Taliaferro.

Article 3. Clara Margaret Grantham bequeaths her ability to ask inopportune questions to Maria Drane.

Article 4. Betsy Moore leaves her ability to reduce to Julia Barnwell.

Article 5. Mildred Moore wills her fondness for stealthily passing notes in Economics class, to Annie Webb.

Article 6. Kay Broughton bequeaths her timid nature and retiring air to Sue Kaltenbach.

Article 7. Sara Badham leaves her love for Carolina to Phyllis Campbell.

Article 8. Jane Miles bequeaths to Marion Roberts her affection for creative dancing and her ability to be ungraceful.

Article 9. Jane Jones wills her "little sister" Patsy Hill, her honor and upright virtue in all school activities.

Article 10. Eliza Lewis leaves her petit physique and Southern drawl to Virginia Snead.

Article 11. Jane Snyder wills her brilliant Spanish career to Betty Lynn.

Article 12. Eleanor Seagle leaves her reputation for being the most obliging day student to Mary Poyner.

Article 13. Pete Taylor bequeaths her well known dramatic ability to Tudor Trotter.

Article 14. Sadie Root leaves her aloof, sophisticated attitude to Helen Johnson.

Article 15. Mary Pride Cruikshank wills her outstanding ability in school work to Betty Harper.

Article 16. Mildred Joyner bequeaths the Rocky Mount *Daily Telegram* to any one interested.

Article 17. To Matilda Ehringhaus, Virginia Bridgers desires to leave her well-nourished conscience.

Article 18. Lastly we, the Senior Class as a whole, will to next year's Juniors our scribbled Hygiene textbooks, to next year's Senior's our awesome dignity, and to the faculty, the remembrance of our examination boners.

JANE MILES, Lawyer.

Witnesses:

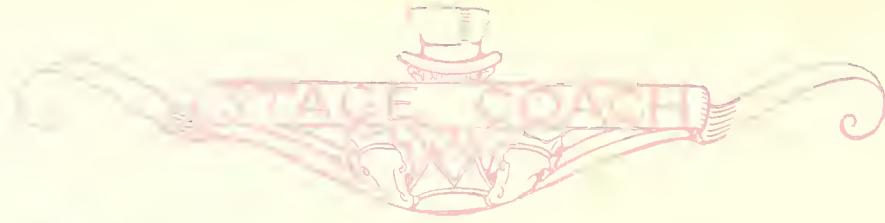
SUSIE.

THE ST. MARY'S HOUND.

DOTTY SPARKES.



Juniors and Business Students



Junior Class



NELL SERPELL TYLER

President

Norfolk, Va.

FRANCES LE GRAND EVERETT

Vice President

Rockingham, N. C.



MARIA LOUISA DRANE

Secretary and Treasurer

Charlotte, N. C.

FRANCES WEBB ADAMS

Oxford, N. C.

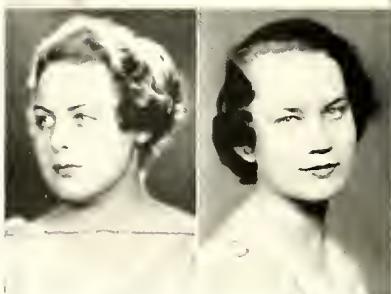


FLORRIE GEORGE ADKINS

Atlanta, Ga.

ANNA BROOKE ALLAN

Charlotte, N. C.



JULIA FRETWELL BARNWELL

Abbeville, S. C.

MARTHA CAPERS BENNETT

Wadesboro, N. C.

EVELYN BRIGGS

Raleigh, N. C.



SARA HARRIS BROWN

Garysburg, N. C.



MARY GASKINS BYRUM

Raleigh, N. C.



BERNICE VIRGINIA CARPENTER

Raleigh, N. C.



NANCY GRIST CLARK

Tarboro, N. C.



SARA FREEMAN CONE

Williamston, N. C.



CHESHIRE COX

Raleigh, N. C.



NANCY HOLLADAY CROW

Houston, Tex.

CATHERINE JEFFERIES DANIEL

Rocky Mount, N. C.



MARGARET GLENDY DARST

Wilmington, N. C.

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Dunn, N. C.



MABEL ADELE DOWNEY
Nashville, N. C.

POLLY EASLEY
Rocky Mount, N. C.

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Jacksonville, Ala.



EFFIE MCLEAN ENGLISH
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RHYLMA MARIE EVANS
Raleigh, N. C.



MARTHA EVERETT
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Raleigh, N. C.

ELIZABETH HANKS
New Bern, N. C.

STATE COACH

RENA HOYT HARDING
Washington, N. C.



KATHERINE CREWS HARRIS
Raleigh, N. C.



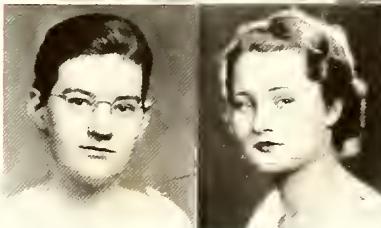
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REBA HINSDALE
Asheville, N. C.



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Dunn, N. C.



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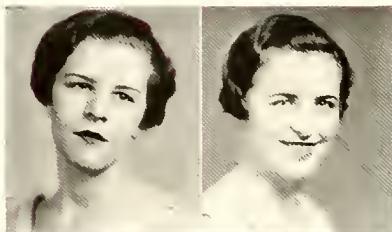
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STAGE COACH



MARY HELEN STEWART
Raleigh, N. C.



MADGE TALIAFERRO
Cranford, N. J.



MARY RHEA TOURTELLOT
Honston, Tex.



TUDOR PERRY TROTTER
Manchester, Ga.



ANNIE CHESHIRE TUCKER
Raleigh, N. C.

MARGARET PEARCE UPCHURCH
Raleigh, N. C.

OLA DAY UZZLE
Raleigh, N. C.

MARGARET VASS
Raleigh, N. C.

EMILY CLARK WARD
Tarboro, N. C.

HUNTER LEE WARREN
Rocky Mount, N. C.

STAGE COACH

FRANCES JOYCE WELLS
Rocky Mount, N. C.



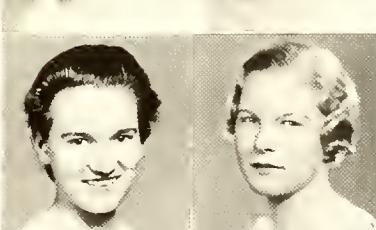
MARY HIGHSMITH WELLS
Fayetteville, N. C.



EMILY WESTCOTT
Roslyn, L. I., N. Y.



CLEVE STAFFORD WILARTON
Winston-Salem, N. C.



KATHERINE PENDER WILLIAMS
Raleigh, N. C.



CHARLOTTE LANE WRIGHT
Raleigh, N. C.

STAGE COACH



Business Class

AGNES MACRAE PESCHAU
President

Wilmington, N. C.

SOPHIE ALDRICH ELLISON
Secretary and Treasurer
Columbia, S. C.

MARY CAPERS BEDDOES
Raleigh, N. C.

SARA ANN BRADFORD
Manassas, Va.

ELIZABETH HAYWOOD BRIDGERS
Wilmington, N. C.

LILLIAN CAREY
Kinston, N. C.

DOROTHY DOWNING
Raleigh, N. C.

PEGGY FOREMAN
Charlotte, N. C.



STAGE COACH

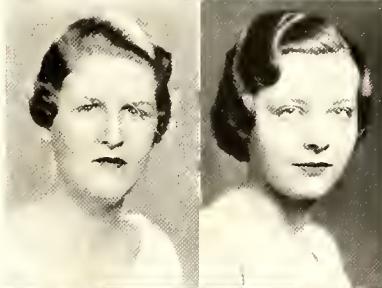
WEENONA HAUSON HEFLIN
Birmingham, Ala.



CORA TYREE JENKINS
Rocky Mount, N. C.



CATHERINE MORRISS NOELL
Raleigh, N. C.



DOROTHY SCALES ROTHROCK
Raleigh, N. C.



ELIZABETH FRANCES VANN
Franklinton, N. C.

MARY LOUISE WARREN
Raleigh, N. C.

CAROLYN CAWTHON WEBB
Demopolis, Ala.



Junior Jingles

MISS POPE with prods and gentle pushes
Forced us to learn against our wishes
In English M. this year, dear Reader,
The form of verse, its rhyme and meter;
So this, our pompous history,
(Though it does not pretend to be
A sonnet or a triplet)
We wish in verses neat to set.

As St. Mary's is the best in the land
We wish to make you understand
That our class is the best in school:
We study and obey each rule.
When first we came, Kack eyed us o'er
And her surprise grew more and more
To see a group so smart and true,
And yet so very charming too.

So she assembled the Junior Class,
And after discussion we chose at last
The statesman, Tyler, to lead us to fame.
The time flew by; the day soon came
When we the school did entertain.
It was the night of Hallowe'en
And we as witches could be seen.
The gym was decked in black and gold,
Kate and Franny our fortunes told.

Meanwhile we dashed our fingers blue
In hockey games as Sigma or Mu.
In basketball we showed our skill
And gave the sidelines quite a thrill.
Sometimes we roused Miss Lalor's wrath,
Or flunked a trifle in our Math.
When you the following lines have read,
You'll see in statistics we're far ahead.

Brooke Allan, we think, is best all-round,
Tudor Perry can bounce any ball up and down;
Franny Everett we beg to call to your mind
Is too good a Mu, her opponents find;
Two Texas Ranchers we proudly claim;
And scribbling Letty has won herself fame.
Despite the fact that we're so fine,
We have to let the Seniors shine.

To honor them we had a dance
One April night, full of Romance.
Now the end of School is here
And we must close our Junior year.
As down the steps we now advance,
With eager hands we grasp our chance
To be next year, St. Mary's pride
Full Seniors, grave and dignified.

P. S.
We fooled you, this is but a test
To see who's learned her meter best.
If you can read this jingle well,
Then we'll give you a hearty yell.

ROSALIE MCNEILL.



Underclassmen



Sophomore Class

ANNIE RUFFIN WEBB	<i>President</i>
PERRY-BELLE WALTON	<i>Vice President</i>
JANE MOORE	<i>Secretary</i>
ELOISE BROUGHTON	Hertford, N. C.
Alice CHESHIRE	Raleigh, N. C.
JANE FLANNIGAN	Louisville, Ky.
KATHRYN HILBERG	Cincinnati, Ohio
SUZANNE KALTENBACH	Cranford, N. J.
JANE MOORE	Williamston, N. C.
EMILY SHANNON	Camden, S. C.
VIRGINIA SNEAD	Montclair, N. J.
MARIA TUCKER	Raleigh, N. C.
PERRY-BELLE WALTON	Glenburnie, N. Y.
ANNIE RUFFIN WEBB	Hillsboro, N. C.



Freshman Class

MARY JANNEY BARNWELL

President

MARY JANNEY BARNWELL

Lynchburg, Va.

OLIVE CRIKSHANK

Raleigh, N. C.

MATILDA EHRINGHAUS

Raleigh, N. C.

BETTY HARPER

Hickory, N. C.

PATSY HILL

Waynesville, N. C.

NANCY MANN

Raleigh, N. C.

MARY MITCHELL NOBLE

Gloucester, Va.

MARION ROBERTS

Old Greenwich, Conn.

ANNETTE THOMAS

Raleigh, N. C.

SARAH WEBB

Demopolis, Ala.



Preps

ROBERTA THORBURN STOCKTON	President
EDNA DAVIS BARNES	Wilson, N. C.
MARY FRANCES BARNHARDT	Concord, N. C.
ELSE MARGARETA BLUME	Starnberg, Bavaria, Germany
PHYLLIS CAMPBELL	Chapel Hill, N. C.
MARGARET TUCKER CAPERTON	Charleston, W. Va.
EMILY ELAINE HASELL	Raleigh, N. C.
SALLIE BAILEY HEYWARD	Raleigh, N. C.
ISABEL LANG	Santo Domingo, West Indies
ELSIE CAROLINE NILES	Roslyn, N. Y.
LEONE HINES PABROTT	Kinston, N. C.
LILLIAN SANDERS POU	Raleigh, N. C.
DOROTHY RANDOLPH SPARKES	Forest Hills, N. Y.
HANNAH ANN SPITZLEY	Vero Beach, Fla.
ROBERTA THORBURN STOCKTON	Princeton, N. J.



Activities



E. A. P. Literary Society

BETSY MOORE President

JANE JONES Vice President

MADGE TALIAFERRO Secretary-Treasurer

MISS EGLESTON Adviser

MARY JANNEY BARNWELL
MARY PRIDE CRUIKSHANK
OLIVE CRUIKSHANK
EDITH DANDO

MARIA DRANE
KATHERINE HARDING
HORTENSE JONES
MILDRED JOYNER
ANNIE WEBB

KATE SPRUILL
MARY RHEA TOURTELLOT
NEIL TYLER
PERRY BELLE WALTON

The E. A. P. Literary Society has had as its subject for the year 1933-1934 the study of modern plays and playwrights of England, Ireland, and the United States. Every third meeting is devoted to the lives of two playwrights and a criticism of their writing. The other meetings are spent in the reading of their plays, in which members of the club take the various parts. Short plays are selected so that complete ones can be read at each meeting. During the year each member has charge of at least one program, so that she is a real part of the society.



Sigma Lambda Literary Society

MARY LOUISE TAYLOR

President

ANNA BROOKE ALLAN

Vice President

ROSALIE MCNEILL

Secretary-Treasurer

MISS POPE

Adviser

JULIA BARNWELL

SUZANNE KALTENBACH

AGNES PESCHAU

NANCY CROW

LETTY LASSITER

MARIA SAVEDGE

ALMERIA GORDON

ELIZA LEWIS

JANE SNYDER

MARY DENISON HOPE

FRANCES PIATT

DOROTHY SPARKES

CLEVE WILARTON

The Sigma Lambda Literary Society has undertaken this year a comprehensive study of the Little Theater movement. Placing greatest stress on the workmanship of one-act plays, the members have made an effort to scan briefly the lives of outstanding playwrights and to study at least one play by each of them. The method of study chosen by the Society is particularly good in that it arouses the interest of all the members. A play is selected, and the members of the Society are assigned roles in it. Although the performances are far from perfect, it has been found that such participation on the part of the members gives a much clearer idea of the characters of the play than a reading by one member alone.

Honor Council

Katherine Blount Harding, Honor Council President; Anna Brooke Allan, Honor Council Vice President; Agnes MacRae Peschau, Honor Council Secretary.
Eliza Huske Lewis, Senior Class President;
Jane Iredell Jones, Betsy Kimbrough Moore, Cornelia Jane Snyder.

Nell Serpell Tyler, Junior Class President;
Rena Hoyt Harding, Letty Kittrell Lassiter.
Annie Ruffin Webb, Sophomore Class President; Perry Belle Walton.
Agnes MacRae Peschau, Business Class President.

D. P. S. L.

Almeria Gordon, President; Maria Drane, Vice President.
Group Leaders: Betsy Moore, Rosalie McNeill, Georgia Goodson, Frances Piatt,

Helen Johnson, Eliza Lewis, Mary Louise Taylor, Margaret Darst, Frances Everett, Catherine Daniel.

Altar Guild

Georgia Goodson, President; Perry-Belle Walton, Chairman of Book Committee; Betsy Moore, Chairman of Flower Committee; Frances Everett, Chairman of Brass Committee; Jane Moore, Chairman of Linen Committee.

Advisers: The Rev. Joseph F. Fletcher, Miss Louise Egleston, Miss Nannie Smith, Miss Elizabeth Bason.

Members: Anna Brooke Allan, Julia Barnwell, Frances Bradley, Margaret Darst, Slocumb Davis, Marie Drane, Sophie Ellison, Almeria Gordon, Katherine Harding, Rena Harding, Reba Hinsdale, Hortense Jones, Jane Jones, Eliza Lewis, Jane Snyder, Madge Taliaferro, Mary Louise Taylor, Nell Tyler, Hunter Lee Warren, Annie Webb.

Choir

Mr. William H. Jones, Organist; Miss Louise A. Egleston, Assistant Organist; Miss Elizabeth Tucker, Choir Mother.

Elizabeth Ferguson, Mary Frances Barnhardt, Maria Svedge, Margaret Caperton, Virginia Snead, Mary Hope, Nell Tyler, Jane Jones, Brooke Allan, Maria Drane, Frances Piatt, Lillian Cary, Adelaide Winslow, Julia Barnwell, Margaret Darst, Sara Cone, Mary Lanier Munds, Florrie Adkins, Suzanne Kaltenbach, Cora Jenkins, Isabel Lang, Jane Snyder (Crucifer).

Choir Librarians: Nell Tyler, Jane Jones.

Mr. William H. Jones, Director; Miss Louise Egleston, Accompanist.
Julia Barnwell, Ann Bradford, Elsie Blume, Virginia Carpenter, Sarah Cone, Margaret Darst, Maria Drane, Elizabeth Ferguson, Dorothy Finch, Frances Tucker Henley, Mary Lanier Munds, Frances Piatt, Maria Svedge, Margaret Upchurch, Adelaide Winslow.

Glee Club

Official Typists for the Annual

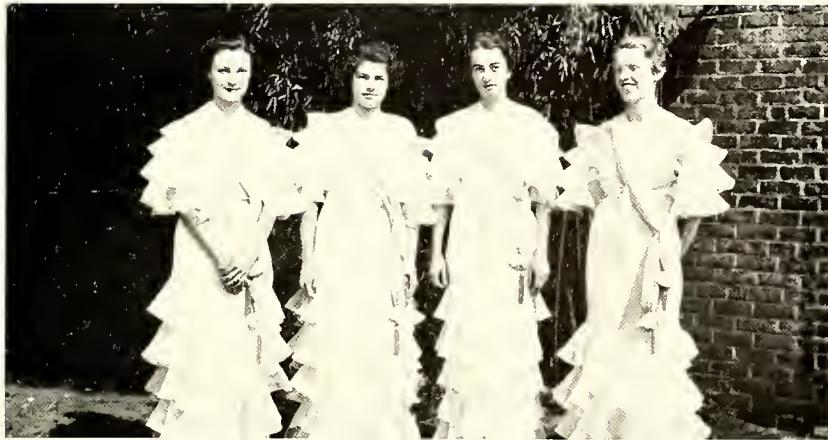
Ann Bradford, Sophie Ellison, Agnes Peschau, Frances Vann.

Certificate Pupils in Art

Annie May Banks, Mary Denison Hope, Kathleen Hughes.

Jane Snyder, May Queen; Eliza Lewis, Maid of Honor.

May Day



Marshals

1933-34

Florrie George Adkins, Almeria Gordon,
Eliza Huske Lewis,
Katherine Blount Harding, Edith Marguerite Dando.

1934-35

Kate Spruill, Nancy Holladay Crow, Letty
Kittrell Lassiter,
Maria Drane, Anna Brooke Allan.





Dramatic Club

FLORRIE ADKINS	ADELE DOWNEY	MARY MITCHELL NOBLE
BROOKE ALLAN	MARIA DRANE	MARY SMEDES POYNER
MARY KATHLEINE ATKINS	EFFIE MCLEAN ENGLISH	ELEANOR SEAGLE
SARAH BADHAM	ELIZABETH FERGUSON	VIRGINIA SNEAD
JULIA BARNWELL	JANE FLANNIGAN	DOROTHY SPARKES
EILEEN BLUME	FRANCES TUCKER HENLEY	ROBERTA STOCKTON
ANN BRADFORD	PATSY HILL	MADGE TALIAFERRO
FRANCES BRADLEY	MARY HOPE	MARY LOUISE TAYLOR
ELIZABETH H. BRIDGERS	HELEN JOHNSON	ANNETTE THOMAS
PHYLLIS CAMPBELL	HORTENSE JONES	NEIL TYLER
LILLIAN CAREY	JANE JONES	MARGARET UPCURCH
VIRGINIA CARPENTER	SUZANNE KALTENBACH	MARGARET VASS
SARA CONE	ISABEL LANG	ETTA BURT WARREN
MARY PRIDE CRUIKSHANK	MARY CATHERINE LEVER	HUNTER LEE WARREN
CATHERINE DANIEL	NANCY MANN	MARY WELLS
MARGARET DARST	BETSY MOORE	CLEVE WHARTON
SLOCUMB DAVIS	ROSALIE MCNEILL	JEAN WILLIAMS

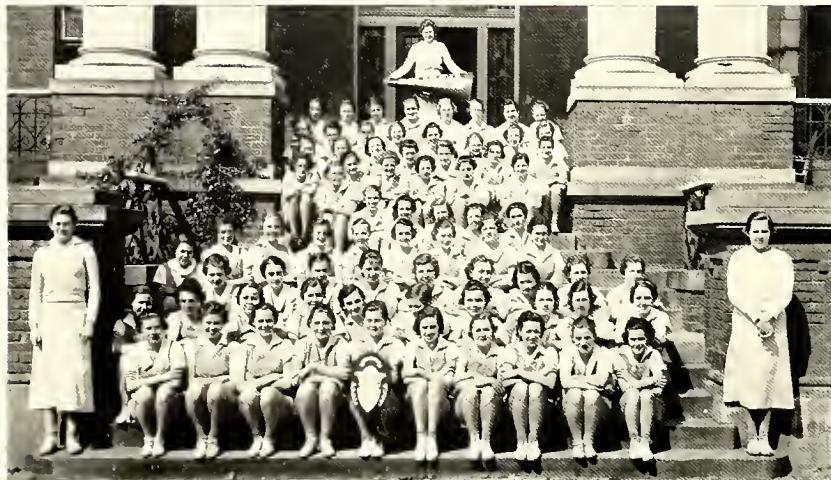


“Little Women”

Mr. March	ROSALIE MCNEILL
Mrs. March	MARY PRIDE CRUIKSHANK
Meg	ANNA BROOKE ALLAN
Jo	MARY LOUISE TAYLOR
Beth	NANCY MANN
Amy	MARY SMEDES POYNTER
Aunt March	ELIZABETH HAYWOOD BRIDGERS
Mr. Lawrence	PATSY HILL
Laurie	SUZANNE KALTENBACH
Professor Frederich Bhaer	ELEANOR SEAGIE
John Brooke	VIRGINIA SNEAD
Hannah Mullett	ROBERTA STOCKTON

“The Taming of the Shrew”

Katherina	MARY LOUISE TAYLOR
Petruchio	MRS. BOND
Bianca	NANCY MANN
Grumio	ELIZABETH BRIDGERS
Tranio	PATSY HILL
Lucentio	MARY PRIDE CRUIKSHANK
Baptista	ROSALIE MCNEILL
Gremio	VIRGINIA SNEAD
Hortensio	SUZANNE KALTENBACH
Biondello	NELL TYLER
Widow	ELIZABETH FERGUSON
Taylor	VIRGINIA CARPENTER



Sigma Athletic Association

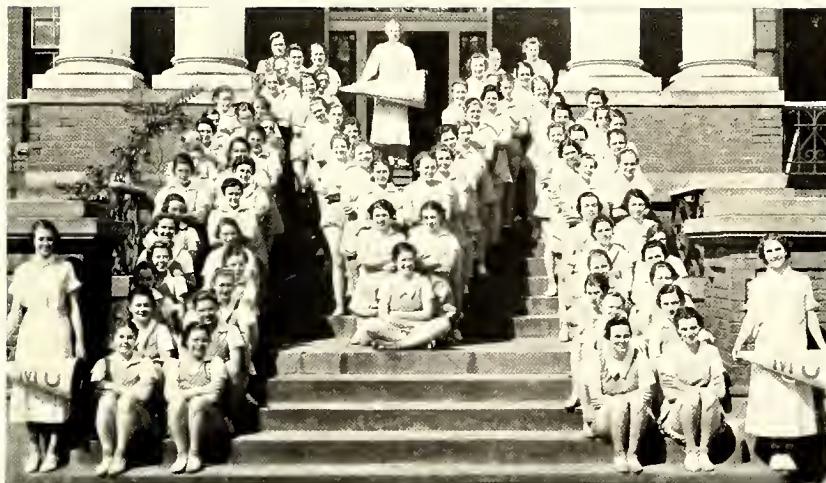
"PEBBLES" WALTON

President

"MIA" GORDON

Vice President

FLORRIE ADAMS	DOROTHY DOWNING	SUZANNE KALTENBACH	AGNES PESCHAF
"BROOKIE" ALLAN	JULIA EDWARDS	ISABEL LANG	FRANCES PIATT
IDA BAILEY	MATILDA EHRINGHAUS	LETTY LASISTER	ALICE POE
EDNA DAVIS BARNES	EFFIE MAC ENGLISH	MARIE LAWRENCE	JEAN POE
MARY F. BARNHARDT	RHYELMA EVANS	CATHERINE LEVER	MARY SMEDES POYNER
JANNEY BARNWILL	"MIA" GORDON	ELIZA LEWIS	MARION ROBERTS
ELSE BLUME	CLARA M. GRANTHAM	ELIZABETH LYNN	SADIE ROOF
FRANCES BRADLEY	"KACK" HARDING	MARTHA METCALFE	DOROTHY ROTIROCK
EVELYN BRIGGS	"PEEPIE" HARDING	NANCY MANN	JANE SNYDER
PHYLLIS CAMPBELL	BETTY HARPER	JANE MILES	DOROTHY SPARKES
LILLIAN CAREY	KATHERINE HARRIS	JANE MOORE	FLORENCE SPRUILL
NANCY CLARK	FRANCES T. HENLEV	MILDRED MOORE	ANN STEVENSON
SARA CONE	SALLIE B. HEYWARD	MARY LANIER MUNDE	MARY HELEN STEWART
NANCY CROW	MARY HICKS	MARY YORKE NEAL	NELL TYLER
EDITH DANDO	KATHRYN HILBERG	CHARLOTTE NELME	ANNIE SMEDES VASS
CATHERINE DANIEL	REBA HINSDALE	ELSIE NILES	MARGARET VASS
MARGARET DARST	HORTENSE JONES	MARY MITCHELL NOBLE	"PEBBLES" WALTON
SLOCUMME DAVIS	JANE JONES	ANNE OLIVE	ETTA BURT WARREN
JULIA DRAKE	MILDRED JOYNER	MARY LOUISE PARKER	BARBARA WILLARD
		CHARLOTTE WRIGHT	



Mu Athletic Association

FRANCES EVERETT

President

PATSY HILL

Vice President

FRANCES ADAMS	SOPHIE ELLISON	BETSY MOORE	ANNETTE THOMAS
MARY KITTY ATKINS	FRANCES EVERETT	MAUDE MORRISON	MARY R. TOURTELLO
SARAH BADHAM	MARTHA EVERETT	VIRGINIA MORRISON	TUDOR TROTTER
ANNIE MAY BANKS	ELIZABETH FERGUSON	JANIE B. Mc DANIEL	ANNIE TUCKER
JILLIS BARNWELL	DOROTHY FINCH	ROSALIE MC NEILL	MARIA TUCKER
MARY BEDDOES	JANE FLANNIGAN	CATHERINE NOELL	MARGARET UPCHURCH
MARTHA BENNETT	PEGGY FOREMAN	ELIZABETH PAGE	OLA DAY UZZLE
ANN BRADFORD	ELIZABETH FOSTER	LORENA PASCHALL	FRANCES VANN
VIRGINIA BRIDGER	GEORGIA GOODSON	LEONE PARROTT	ELIZABETH WADE
"WUNNY" BRIDGERS	BERNICE GOODWIN	LILLIAN POU	EMILY WARD
ELOISE BROUGHTON	ELIZABETH HANKS	MARIA SAVEDGE	HUNTER LEE WARREN
KAY BROUGHTON	EMILY HASELL	ELIANOR SEAGLE	ANNIE WEBB
SARA BROWN	SHIRLEY HAYWOOD	EMILY SIANNON	CAROLYN WEBB
MARY BYRUM	WELNONA HEPLIN	VIRGINIA SNEAD	SARAH WEBB
MARGARET CAPERTON	PATSY HILL	HANNAH SPITZLEY	JOYCE WELLS
VIRGINIA CARPENTER	"POLLY" HOPE	KATE SPRUILL	MARY WELLS
"BAY" CRUIKSHANK	CORA JENKINS	ELIZABETH STOKER	EMILY WESCHOTT
OLIVE CRUIKSHANK	HELEN JOHNSON	ROBERTA STOCKTON	CLEVE WHARTON
ADELE DOWNEY	FRANCES LYNN	MADGE TALIAFERRO	JEAN WILLIAMS
MARIA DRANE	ETHEL LYON	"PETE" TAYLOR	KATHERINE WILLIAMS



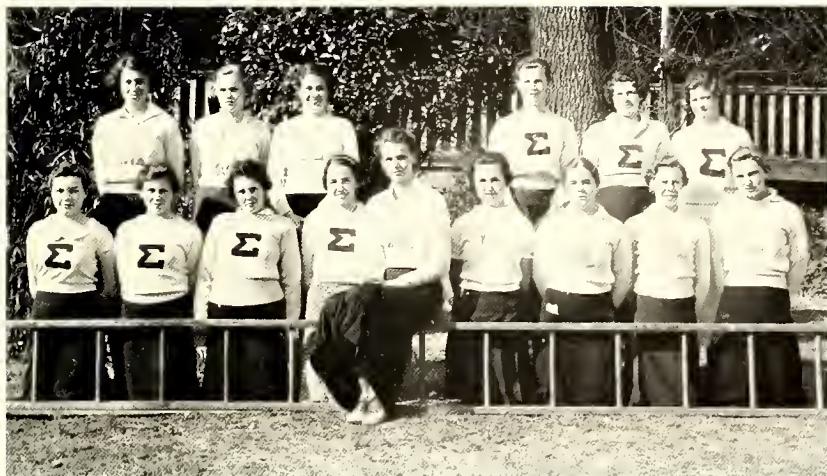
Honorary Hockey Varsity

Annie Tucker, "Tuck" Henley, Jane Jones, Nell Tyler, "Bay" Cruikshank, "Pebbles" Walton, Patsy Hill, Kate Spruill, Tudor Trotter, "Franny" Everett, Sallie Bailey Heyward.



Honorary Basketball Varsity

"Bay" Cruikshank, "Pebbles" Walton, Patsy Hill, Jane Jones, "Mia" Gordon, Tudor Trotter.



Letter Club

MARY PRIDE CRUIKSHANK, *President*

EVELYN BRIGGS

FRANCES EVERETT

"MIA" GORDON

FRANCES TUCKER HENLEY

SALLIE BAILEY HEYWARD

PATSY HILL

JANE JONES

EMILY SHANNON

KATE SPRUILL

MADGE TALLAFERRO

TUDOR TROTTER

ANNIE TICKER

NELL TYLER

"PEBBLES" WALTON





Features



STAGE COACH

Diary of a Senior

(Too intimate to be grammatically correct)

Monday—Slept through with some interruptions from those horrid little Juniors banging doors. So hungry all morning but some kind soul brought me two pieces of toast and several sausages—rather slim breakfast, for after all a girl must eat. Went to lunch and movies today. I think Joan Crawford is marvelous, and I'd love to look just like her. My mouth is sorta like hers, but I must reduce. Swell chocolate fudge sundae at Boone-Isley's after the picture—thank goodness 'cause we had that unusual roast beef *again* and beets! So tired I just couldn't study tonight. It's 8:30, so I guess I'll turn in.

Tuesday—Terrible day, rained and rained, beginning exactly five minutes after morning walk. Just our luck! Also Miss Weise gave us a test, and as usual I was not well acquainted with the subject matter under discussion. Rain must affect my appetite; we went to the little store this afternoon, and I ate two ice cream sandwiches, a dope, and a pimento cheese sandwich, but that was all right because I didn't eat any dinner at all except one piece of pie and a roll. I studied tonight until 8:15 and then washed clothes and set my hair. I think I'll cut some hangs.

Wednesday—Heard from George this morning; he still loves me, and he's coming Saturday. I must borrow Betsy's velvet. Miss Pope gave us our test papers back today—the grades weren't very good. I got C. She read out some pretty funny remarks from some of the papers. Somebody said Pope was a "classic" and somebody else said something about the "enclosed couplet." She read something off my paper, but I still can't see anything funny about it. We practiced volley ball today and that is really the silliest game I've ever seen—I was half an hour late to rehearsal this afternoon and I don't think Miss Davis liked it very much. Jane and I took reducing exercises tonight and the book says if we keep it up we'll lose ten pounds in two weeks.

Thursday—So sore that it was a struggle to get out of bed this morning, making me late to breakfast which is bad 'cause it's the second time this month. I was also reported for chewing gum in gym along with having only one gym sock—can I help it if I've lost the darned thing? Two boxes of food on the hall today and I feel a little sick; maybe I'd better go to the infirmary—a rest would do me good. The only thing is that I wouldn't be able to go to town tomorrow and I simply must do that. Studied an awful lot tonight for that Bible test—I just can't exige though.

Friday—That Bible test was terrible—I didn't study any of the things he asked, and I wrote my head off answering the wrong question—and on top of all that we had liver for lunch. Went to sleep in French class twice this afternoon. Wonder what's wrong with me. I don't think Miss Weise noticed though. I bought the cutest hat at Taylor's this afternoon—it was one of those off-the-face things, and it was green. I really shouldn't have gotten it because I don't have a thing in the world that's green and I look terrible in off-the-face hats, but it is such a honey, I just had to have it. Mother probably won't like it either—I always get blamed for everything. We studied tonight for a little while.

Saturday—The shock of the year! Mr. Guess up and gives an Ec. test! I'll never be the same, but maybe he won't correct the papers. Spent all this afternoon fixing hair and fingernails. In fact I didn't even realize that clean-up hour was over and all of a sudden it was time for inspection and we got 6 before I could even open my mouth, and it was unfair. I hate George! He's the cutest thing in the world, but I can't stand him—he was exactly forty-five minutes late, and the first thing he said was, "Well, there certainly is more of you than the last time I saw you!" He's the freshest thing that ever was, but I tried to be sweet because, after all, May Frolics aren't so far in the distance. We had a swell session tonight, and Hal Kemp was the best thing—but about that time who should come around the corner but . . .? Yep, you guessed it, and we all went home.

Sunday—This morning at choir practice I was trying so hard to tell everybody in our row about what George said and everybody interfered. Finally Mrs. Cruikshank shushed us. "Attitude" again. . . . There's no excuse for the way they're actually making us sing at choir practice now. An out of town person preached today and he was the most long-winded man I've ever heard. We had green peas, rice, chicken and chocolate ice cream for dinner today. Queer! Did such a great lot of good sleeping this afternoon, and then somebody had to wake me up and tell me I had a date. The date turned out to be that dumb Percy Smith. I'd so much rather have slept. The radio was swell tonight, and we had a big time playing around. Bed at ten o'clock. . . . Oh, the humiliation of it!!





The School Calendar

AUTUMN

The old school among her friendly trees has been serenely enjoying her long summer sleep. Now Dr. Smedes' ghost is forced from his domain as the halls echo with excited familiar voices and shy new ones. Students try out their schedules and roommates and decide that it is really a good place after all, even if they end up in the gym instead of in biology lab and accuse new roommates of being from Alabama when they are really from Rocky Mount. Identities are somewhat straightened out (and again confused) at the "Old-girl New-girl" party—at which the main events are a grand march and food.

How two-faced some people are! After receiving an invitation to the effect that one is "cordially" invited to become a member of the Sigma, or Mu, Athletic Association, and after being welcomed in with loud congratulations and a party—oh, the consequences! Empty waste baskets, they say, look for somebody's mail, polish shoes (and white shoes are still being worn), make beds—in fact, do everything but scrub the floor. And the old girls only smile indifferently. Hockey starts soon, however, and the new Sigmas and Mus are as enthusiastic as the old ones when they dash madly up and down the stubby field.

Juniors will be seniors, but they are temporarily witches at the Hallowe'en party at which they entertain. Such people as they invite! They are, for instance, Mae West, the Blue Eagle, and two Spirits, who have at the tip of their tongues all the misdemeanors of St. Mary's students, and they are not backward about telling them. Who got restricted for drinking beer? Who upset her chair at the dinner table, looking at the moon? Who wears red ear-rings perpetually, even in swimming? Oh, and while refreshments are being served, those take-offs!

Thanksgiving practically steps on Hallowe'en's heels. After church on that memorable Thursday students disperse into various parties, but almost all of St. Mary's winds up at Carolina. After the game, back they come to school for a huge dinner—and what a dinner! Incidentally, food seems to be the dominating thought in life. One knows it from the extra pounds.

WINTER

Ninety-five whole days have been marked off the calendars in each student's personal method of marking. The time has rushed by, and it is still rushing.

The senior dance flares up. The seniors are in their glory, and the unprivileged avidly gaze at the fairlyland gym done in silver and blue. "Maybe me in a few years," they wistfully murmur.

Christmas is coming. When on the last Sunday afternoon the choral evensong service consists of carols and that loveliest of organ pieces, "The March of the Three Wise Men," every heart beats in the rhythm of the music. A banquet next arrives—December fourteenth—with turkey and cranberry sauce, fried oysters, rice, green peas, buttered rolls, Lady Baltimore cake and "bought ice cream," olives, pecans, celery, coffee with cream; it must go down in history. More Christmas festivities are to come, however; the seniors' pageant is followed by a party in the gym around the great lighted tree. There appear a "Kitten on the Keys," someone "Looking for Shanghai Lil" and dancers who have never been suspected of such talent as they now display.

On December sixteenth in the half-light of early morning the seniors, holding lighted candles, sing carols to the rest of the school. In a few hours taxis are hurrying up, girls are panting under the burden of heavy-laden suitcases, and the front steps of Smedes Hall is the scene of noisy goodbyes.

Then it is January, and with it comes, inevitably, the reopening of school. One would think the girls had been separated for years. Such shouting, such eagerness to tell it all at once, such overflowing of conversation as goes on! Everybody has met somebody who knows somebody else.

There are two weeks of steady, old-fashioned studying to be done before exams, so that there is little time for homesickness. Alarm clocks ring at queer times; lights go on in the middle of the night. Books, notes, and worried frowns are everywhere in abundance.

Balmy weather and Mrs. Marriott's consolation in the form of extraordinary meals help the dreaded week to pass on.

A new semester arrives and, with it, new students, all of which are celebrated by a faculty-student basketball game. Sincere sympathy goes to Miss Fishburne. Was it that her students were too hard on her? Maybe her Latin had been too hard on them.

SPRING

The trees begin to bud; a few flowers push upwards in the biology garden, and everybody blames the downhill grades on spring fever. The campus is dotted with girls communing with Nature and watching State College cars go by.

Suddenly blankets are pulled off the closet shelves; stockings are donned instead of socks; and the knitters lay aside spring sweaters and prefer to work in wool.

Foiled again. Another warm spell delights the school. Then, to the astonishment of all, the deepest snow of the year comes to cover the crocuses and daffodils. The "little store" is raided for its tin can tops, which make excellent sleds. The Mus challenge the Sigmas to a snowball fight with Mae West and a companion snow-lady looking calmly on over the front campus.

The time from Christmas until Spring Holidays once seemed interminable, but it is rather suddenly over. "A glorious time is had by all," and students return refreshed in mind, spirit, and body (new clothes).

Easter Sunday means the all-white early service, many Easter carols and the "Easter Parade." Some florists at least are not going bankrupt.

Tennis takes the place of basketball and volleyball. These tennis fiends! Up before breakfast, playing till supper, they are incorrigible. But they do obtain enviable suntans.

The juniors said their time would come, and here it is. The Junior-Senior Dance is an Event (with a capital letter). The '34-'35 figure is impressive even against a background of funny papers.

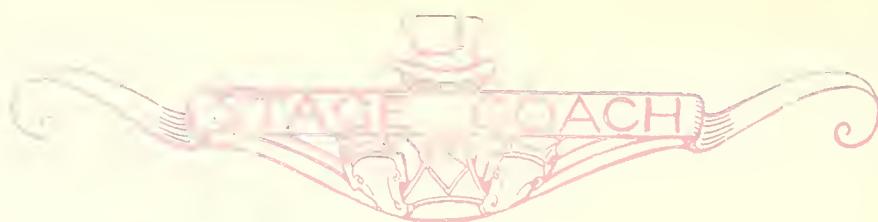
SUMMER

Minutes should certainly be five times as long now. How else can everything be done? Time, in the last month of school, is stretched to the breaking point. Picnics, parties, banquets, exams, tennis are all crammed together. Each and every class, organization, and group must have its own celebration. With Jane Snyder as May Queen, and Eliza Lewis as her Maid of Honor, May Day is a lovely success.

The seniors sit at their own table, have their mail brought to them each morning, and spend hours over Commencement invitations and graduation preparations.

The last week of school brings a maze of speeches and closing affairs that end at last when the Chief Marshall proclaims the end of the session.

"The tumult and the shouting dies." St. Mary's once more sleeps in the quiet of the summer sun. Lazy dreams float around the paths; Dr. Smedes' ghost comes out of his exile; all is serenely waiting for another year.



Superlatives

Among us there are some who
quite surpass
The rest—superlatives in their own
class.



FRANCES BRADLEY

"Chic" is the word to fit her style—
oh, yes,
This Frances knows the subtleties
of dress.

ANNA BROOKE ALLAN

She can do everything; it seems,
with her,
As if she never knew what failures
were.

NELL TYLER

See what a knack has Nell for
making friends!
A loving world will do what she
intends.



MARY PRIDE CRUTSHANK

With skill her hands, her head, her
very heart
Perform their work till all she
does is art.





PERRY BELLE WALTON

With strength in her arms and
lightness in her feet—
When "Pebbles" runs, oh, who
would dare compete?

MARY LOUISE TAYLOR

Not just her smile, her ways, her
turns of speech—
"Our Cutest" is as near as words
can reach.

JANE SNYDER

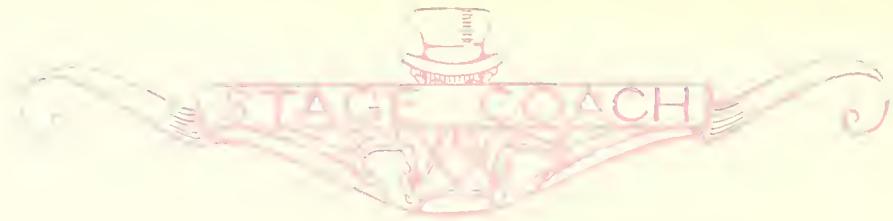
Beware this lady, would you be
aloof;
Her charms put best intentions to
the proof.



JANE MILES

Pages for Jane are more than
print; she seeks
Knowledge behind the words the
author speaks.





The Perfect St. Mary's Girl

Hair	Hannah's	Voice	Bay's
Eyes	Maria Drane's	Laugh	Pebbles'
Complexion	Sarah Badham's	Figure	Sara Brown's
Mouth	Mary Poyner's	Hands	The Twins'
Teeth	Frances Adams's	Feet	Lib Ferguson's
Nose	Ann Bradford's	Legs	Sadie's
Eyebrows	Hortense's	Ankles	Frances Bradley's
Eyelashes	Eliza's	Disposition	Kack's
Dimples	Mia's	Dependability	Jane Jones'
Smile	Janney's	Personality	Pete's

Just Imagine the School without==

Miss Dodd's regal breakfast entry -a little late.

Miss Lalor's goose eggs.

"Daniel Boone."

T. D.

Clara Margaret's iodine personality.

Chicken every Sunday.

Perpetual reducers.

"Attitude."

St. Mary's Set to Music

"Over Somebody Else's Shoulder"—Honor Council.
"I'm Sure of Everything but You"—Miss Fishburne's Latin.
"Temptation"—Boone-Iseley's hot fudge sundaes.
"Music Makes Me Do the Things I Never Should Do"—Peepie.
"Alice in Wonderland"—English N Quizzes.
"Keep Young and Beautiful"—ABC Beauty Parlor.
"Night Owl"—Third Floor Holt.
"Three Little Pigs"—You, me, and the rest of the school.
"Did you ever See a Dream Walking?"—Basketball Forwards.
"You're Such a Comfort to Me"—Rain at 8:15 a.m.
"Boulevard of Broken Dreams"—Any Junior along about October.
"Paper Moon"—(Might as well be for eight months out of the year.)
"One Minute to One"—Yoo Hoo, Mr. Brooks.
"Smoke Gets in Your Eyes"—Spring Holidays.
"Smile, Let me See You Smile"—Mrs. Siddell.
"Come up and See Me Some Time"—Mrs. Cruikshank (Can you take it?).
"Who Walks in When I Walk Out"—Elevator shaft (?).
"You're in My Power"—Miss Dodds' gym classes.
"On the Wrong Side of the Fence"—State Boys.

Our Faculty at Leisure

Madam—Basking on a beach.
Miss Dodd—Reading *True Confessions*.
Miss "Kat" Duff—Compiling a new Encyclopedia.
Miss Dodds—Nursing stray kittens and making speeches for W. C. T. U.
Mr. Fletcher—Collecting nursery rhymes.
Miss Smith—Thumbing the latest "Vogue."
Mr. Guess—Dining and dancing.
Mr. Tucker—Making orations to State College mobs.
Miss Fishburne—Frequenting night clubs.
Miss Cooke—Writing "Heart Throb Column," giving advice on love.
Miss Lee—Listening to "Doing the Up-town Lowdown" on a victrola.
Mrs. Naylor—Making experiments to perfect "Slimmature Pills."



Epilogue

And now the pages are all turned,
And this our little book is done;
Yet memories and visions still
Are lingering sweetly on.
These are the treasures we have kept,
So precious while they last.
And so precariously held
Away from the fingers of the Past.

Englishman: Waitah!
Waiter: Yes, sah.
Englishman: What's this you just served?

Waiter: It's bean soup, sir.
Englishman: I don't care what it's been.
What is it now?

—*Log.*

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"CREATORS OF REASONABLE DRUG PRICES"

*"Creator of Reasonable
Drug Prices"*

EVERYTHING
for Saint Mary's Girls



Father (to daughter coming in at 3 a.m.): Good morning, child of Satan.
Daughter (sweetly): Good morning, Father.

—*Log.*

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ANNUAL SESSIONS—MID-SEPTEMBER TO JUNE

Write—

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Business Manager for Catalogue and View Book

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Bouquets, Decorations

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WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS

"Do Yourself Justice . . .

COME TO

DENMARK STUDIO

for those PORTRAITS."

Raleigh, N. C.

"I have just come from the beauty parlor."

"Isn't it a pity you couldn't get waited on?"

—*Yellow Jacket.*

There isn't much to talk about at some parties until after one or two people leave. That's the kind of party where they burn the scandal at both ends.

—*Reader's Digest.*



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Our idea of the oldest joke about the laziest man is the one about the guy who wrote "Moonbeam, Kiss Her for Me."

—*Log*



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"What does 'superfluous' mean?"

"Oh, something unnecessary like 'e 'will you' in 'will you have some cake'?"

I never saw a rubber cow,
I never hope to see one,
But judging by the mess-hall beef
I guess that there must be one. —*Log.*

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has been successful.

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"I can't see how such wonderful furs come from such a low, foul-smelling little beast."
"I don't ask for thanks, dear," said the husband, "but I really must insist on a little respect."
—*Log.*

Phone 96

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The best reducing exercise is to shake the head violently from side to side when offered a second helping.—*Reader's Digest*.

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All Times!

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Dresses Underwear

Blouses

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STORES EVERYWHERE

Social tact is making your company feel at home, even though you wish they were.—*Reader's Digest*.

Socialist Father: What do you mean by playing truant? What makes you stay away from school?

Son: Class hatred, father.

—*Log.*

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What a difference would be seen in the habits and customs of St. Mary's students were it not for dependable electric service. You push a button and there is an abundance of light. A switch is closed and the motors in the chapel or in Clement Hall are instantly set in motion. By means of electric energy health-building rays of the sun are duplicated through violet ray equipment at the swimming pool.

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